

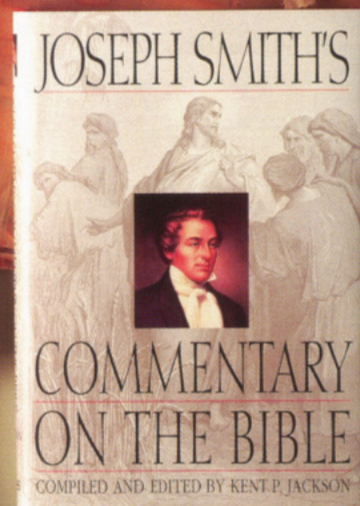
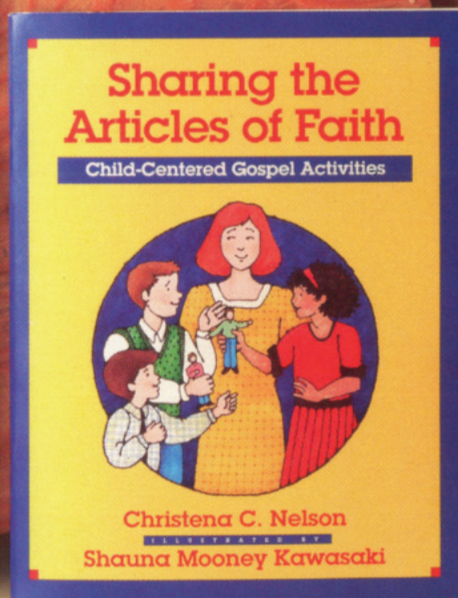
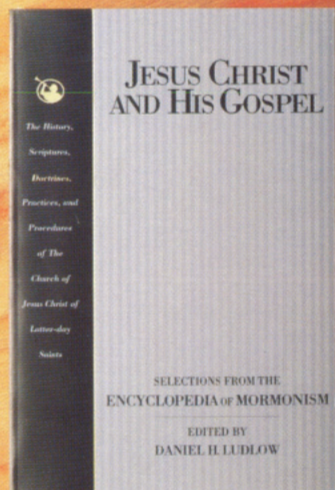
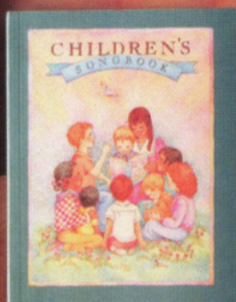
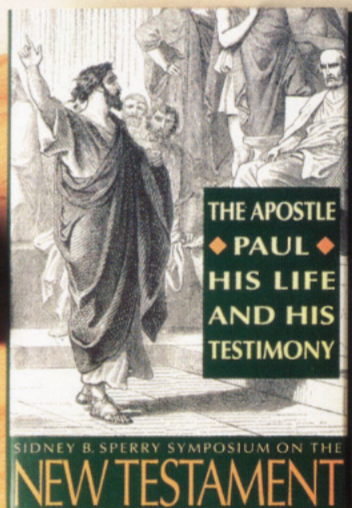
PIONEER

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About the Cover: A romantic valentine engraving, dress watch, lace gloves and an ornamental fan indicate that love as well as survival was a part of pioneer history. Photo by John Luke. Artifacts courtesy of Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum.



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President's Message VERNON TAYLOR



AIM HIGH!

The sin is not in missing your goal; it is in not setting your goal."

This being the beginning of a new year, it is time to set those goals and set in motion the activity required to accomplish that end. Each SUP member should be involved, particularly those holding office. We would like to have input from every chapter in our organization.

In 1995 there will be many activities on the national level and on the chapter level. Your national officers would like to know about your plans in advance. We want to be a part of your program as much as we possibly can.

The training of new officers was held at the National Headquarters (3301 E. 2920 South in Salt Lake City) on Jan. 14. There will also be training sessions scheduled for later in the year in Idaho Falls and in St. George, and we are prepared to hold others if needed. Please, chapter presidents, arrange to have your newly elected officers in attendance wherever possible. We often have chapter officers who have not been trained and don't understand their responsibilities. Attendance at these sessions will help all officers become more effective in their chapter's responsibilities.

We are looking forward to a very good year in SUP.

Plan for your regular programs plus any others that will build up our organization.

In 1996 the state of Utah will celebrate 100 years of statehood. Each chapter should be involved in plans to observe this notable anniversary. There will be extensive activities throughout the state of Utah, including:

- A new visitors' center near This is the Place Monument;
- A centennial park featuring 100 trees;
- Opening of the Lehi Memorial Museum;
- An exhibition displaying Navajo weaving and design;
- Several "Take Pride in Utah" clean-up and fix-up activities;
- A lecture series on the Utah constitution.

There will be at least one special activity each month

throughout the year. The Sons of Utah Pioneers should play a prominent role in this year-long extravaganza. Every county and city will have opportunities for involvement.

And then, one year later in 1997, we will celebrate the 150th anniversary of the pioneers' arrival in the Salt Lake Valley. Many chapters have already begun planning for this great occasion. For example, the Settlement Canyon Chapter is well on their way toward honoring the pioneer women of Utah by dedicating a monument in honor of Hilda Erickson, who lived to be 108 years of age. It would please me to have each chapter start a special project honoring these hard-working pioneers who provided this wonderful heritage for each of us. We hope that all chapters will enthusiastically participate in this historic event. ▼

PIONEER MAGAZINE MISSION STATEMENT

The National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers honors early pioneers for their faith in God, devotion to family, loyalty to church and country, hard work, service to others, courage in adversity, personal integrity and unyielding determination.

The Society also honors modern-day pioneers, both young and older, who exemplify these same ideals. We aim to demonstrate and teach these qualities to youth and all others whom we can influence. We hope to keep alive the ideals of true manhood and womanhood that cause ordinary people to achieve nobly.

Pioneer Magazine supports the mission of the Society. It will publish the story of the Utah pioneers with high standards of professional skill and historical accuracy in an attractive and popular format. Its editorial theme is that the achievements of the Utah pioneers resulted from their faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Start Planning Now for 1995 Encampment

Ok, so maybe it is a few months away. It still isn't too early to start making plans to attend the Sons of Utah Pioneers 1995 National Encampment Aug. 24-26 in Brigham City, Utah.

Sponsored by the organization's Box Elder Chapter, the 1995 Encampment will feature a wide variety of interesting things to see and do. Nearby are the historic Brigham City Tabernacle, the Golden Spike Historical Site, the Air Force Rocket Museum at Thiokol, the Jim Bridger Monument and plenty of motels and golf courses.

Encampment Chairman Calvin Andrus invites all SUP members to make room on their calendars to share this wonderful event with their SUP friends. Watch future issues of *Pioneer* for registration information and other encampment details.

CLOSER AT HAND is the second SUP trek to Mexico, which promises to be just as exciting and informative as last year's successful trek to the Mormon colonies in northern Mexico. Professor Webb Goodman will once again be our tour guide for an eight-day journey, which will take us further south for two days in Mexico City

and visits to the Mayan ruins of Palenque, Yucatan's Merida, the ruins of Chichen Itza and Uxmal and the ancient cities of Chichicastenango and Tikal near Guatemala City.

The trip is scheduled for March 10-18. There is also a shorter, less expensive option available for those who would like to join the tour on March 13. For more information, please contact Hyde's Encore Tours and Travel in Salt Lake City, (801) 748-4242.

FLORENCE YOUNGBERG of the National Office reminds us that the Canyon Rim Family History Center at the SUP Building (3301 E. 2920 South in Salt Lake City) is acquiring new books and histories every week.

"There are many locality histories, plus our biographies and family histories and other material," Mrs. Youngberg noted. "We have much to offer patrons who come and do their research. And if people don't know how to go about it, we have assistants who can teach them."

Hours for the Canyon Rim Family History Center at the SUP Building are 9:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M. Tuesdays and 9:00 A.M.-9:00 P.M. Wednesdays and Thursdays.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING for an interesting winter activity, you might want to consider taking a ride on the Heber Valley Railroad in Utah's beautiful Heber Valley. The weekend winter excursions leave the Heber City depot at 1:30 P.M. on Saturdays and Sundays for a two-hour round-trip ride to Deer Creek Dam.

"The railroad's winter excursions are a combination of elegant scenery, home town warmth, romance and turn-of-the-century tradition," said Ken McConnell, chairman of the Heber Valley Historic Railroad Authority. "The allure of the winter solitude and the snow-covered landscapes carry riders into a winter-wonderland fantasy of yesteryear. Many people say winter is the most exciting time to ride the train — it's certainly my favorite."

There are also evening excursions on Sundays and Tuesdays at 7:00 P.M., featuring dinner and entertain-

ment. It should be noted that reservations are required for the nighttime rides.

For information and reservations, please call (801) 654-5601 or (801) 581-9980.

WE KNOW YOU'RE INTERESTED in the history of the Utah pioneers. But how about the history of the Sons of Utah Pioneers?

A committee from the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers is compiling material to tell the story of the organization. Building on a foundation established by Dr. Orson Wright and his SUP History Committee some years ago, this new committee plans to organize information in ten-year increments in order to make the history ongoing and accessible.

If you have any historical SUP information or material that might be helpful, please contact Florence Youngberg at the national office. ▼

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

February 1995	Annual Leadership Seminar (Phoenix)
March 10-18 1995	SUP Mexico Trek
April 1995	"Tomorrow's Pioneers," Youth Awards Banquets for local chapters
August 24-26, 1995	National Encampment in Brigham City, Utah
November 1995	Annual Utah History Symposium





Romancing THE SAINTS

*Life and Love among Utah's
Pioneers*

IN 1864, HANS JASPERSON WENT TO PROVO, UTAH, TO GET A COW. HE STAYED OVERNIGHT AND MET MARINDA EPSON. "THAT WAS MY FIRST TRIP BUT NOT THE LAST ONE TO SEE HER," HANS RECALLED YEARS LATER. HOWEVER, BEFORE LONG, HANS WAS OFF TO DRIVE FOUR YOKE OF OXEN TO MISSOURI TO MEET LDS EMIGRANTS. SIX MONTHS LATER, HANS RETURNED TO PROVO AND FOUND MARINDA AGAIN. "SHE HADN'T HEARD A WORD FROM ME OR ME FROM HER FOR SIX MONTHS. I ASKED HER IF SHE HAD FOUND ANYBODY THAT SHE WOULD RATHER HAVE THAN ME, IF SO SHE WAS AT LIBERTY. SHE ANSWERED THAT SHE HAD NOT. I SAID I HAD NOT EITHER, SO THE SOONER SHE COULD GET READY TO GET MARRIED WOULD SUIT ME THE BEST."



Admittedly not the stuff that movies are made of, but during an era when it took an entire day to do the laundry or go shopping, romance often took a back seat as our Utah forbears struggled to survive. Indeed, many of the pioneer love stories we hear about Great-Great-Grandpa and Great-Great-Grandma appear to be more a matter of logic than love. But there is much more to life than simple survival, and love softened the bittersweet blows that came with settling the Wild West.

Stalwart, stoic pioneers sandwiched romance between the washing and the cooking, the milking and the planting. Of course, love sometimes took longer to harvest than the corn crop; after all, a man spent more time walking behind a plow than spooning in the parlor. But just as in generations past and in generations to come, our forefathers discovered that love is as much a necessity as food and shelter. Dreams were shared, kisses were stolen, and Utah was settled.

William Walton Burton arrived in Utah in 1854. The LDS convert from England opened a school and bought a 120-acre farm with his brother. After fencing the land and digging a ditch around it, the men sold the farm to Joseph and Hannah Fielding.

The Fieldings had a daughter named Rachel, and Willie could not forget the young woman. He once walked the entire thirty miles from his home in Kaysville to Mill Creek, where Rachel lived. Hot, tired, and feeling foolish, he turned around and walked back home without even seeing the girl. Finally, he mustered his courage a second time, this time praying that if God approved of the match, the family might know of his wishes before he stated them.

The Fieldings welcomed Willie into their home, even inviting him to spend the night. The next morning he headed back home, accompanied by Joseph, who was heading for Salt Lake to attend a meeting.

The pair walked two miles before Willie managed to blurt out his intentions. "Do you know that Rachel is willing?" her father asked.

"I do not know as I have never talked to her on the subject," Willie admitted.

"Providing she is willing, I give my consent," Joseph stated. The pair traveled a distance more before Willie made his next request.

"Will you please ask her?"

When Rachel's father returned home, he told his wife about Willie's hopes, and Mother Hannah approached her daughter. "What would you have me do?" Rachel asked.

Hannah told her daughter that the decision was hers. "Mother, I have always felt marriage was an important step," Rachel explained. "I feel entitled to advice from my mother."

"Well, my daughter, to be candid with you, I must say that if I were in your place I think that I should accept the offer." Thus, Rachel and Willie were engaged.



WILLIAM COULD NOT FORGET THE YOUNG WOMAN. FINALLY MUSTERING HIS COURAGE AND PRAYING THAT GOD APPROVED OF THE MATCH, HE ASKED RACHEL'S FATHER TO ASK HER IF SHE WOULD MARRY HIM. WILLIAM AND RACHEL BURTON ARE SHOWN ABOVE.

Of course, romance was not always missing from these century-old courtships. For the young and unmarried, Sundays promised more than rest. Groups of young men and women gathered on the sacred day to sing and socialize. Often, an entire evening every week was set aside for dancing. Holding hands and swinging through a mazurka or polka stirred emotions, and more than one lifetime was spent remembering "our first dance together."

Thomas Jefferson Howell had just finished a dance and was looking for a place to sit down and rest when he met two girls. "As I looked down at one of them, a voice spoke as though I was speaking myself and said: 'This is my wife.'" Thomas spent that summer freighting, but he wrote letters to Mary Jane Heaton. The two planned on marriage, and Thomas knew he had to establish his "wedding stake."

"The next summer I worked at odd jobs and didn't get much money, for there wasn't much to be had," he remembered years later.

However, Mary Jane's mother tragically died in childbirth a few months later, and the young woman had no place to

live. "We decided not to wait as planned," reports Thomas. The two went to Salt Lake City for April conference and were married.

Traveling to Salt Lake City for marriage was not uncommon, for it was there in the Endowment House that eternal vows were taken. Pioneers worked just as hard at marriage as they did at everything else, and they wanted that work to last longer than a lifetime.

Martha and Sam Taylor made the trip twice before they were married. The first time, remembers Martha, "we left Lehi [Utah] in a wagon before daylight and traveled most of the day, only to find on reaching Salt Lake City that the Endowment House was full and we could not be married that day, so returned to Lehi and went back the next week."

Just as it does now, humor softened the edge of awkward moments between hesitant lovers. In 1855, President Brigham Young called Starling Driggs into his office and asked the young man to help settle San Bernardino, California. During the conversation, the prophet asked Starling why he wasn't married. "There is one I like well enough but she doesn't seem to care for me," he admitted.



AT THE MOMENT SARAH SAW STARLING, SHE KNEW HE WAS HER FUTURE HUSBAND, AND SHE WARNED HER FRIENDS TO LEAVE HIM ALONE. STARLING DRIGGS IS SHOWN IN THE PHOTO ABOVE.

Starling and Sarah Rogers had met in Nauvoo and had trekked across the plains in the same company. However, Sarah gave no encouragement to the young suitor. She buried both her parents and two

brothers in shallow graves across the plains, and upon arrival in Salt Lake City, was made the ward of President Young. "You go and tell her to come up to my office," he instructed Starling.

Sarah was raking leaves when Starling found her. When he told her of the Church leader's request, Sarah replied tartly, "You tell President Young he's got as much shoe leather to wear out as I have. He can come down here if he wants to see me." Astounded, Starling turned away. Sarah let him go quite a distance before she called to him. "I just wanted to see how far you had gone," she said. "Don't tell President Young what I said, I'll go as soon as I get cleaned up."

When Sarah arrived at Brigham Young's office, he told her that Starling had been called to settle San Bernardino. "And you are called to go help him as his wife." After Sarah consented, President Young performed the ceremony.

Despite the seeming abruptness of the decision, Sarah

would tell her children that she had first seen Starling years earlier in Nauvoo when she was sitting on a hayrack with other teenaged girls. At that moment, she knew he was her future husband, and she warned her friends to leave him alone.

Maybe some pioneer romances are the stuff movies are made of. Sure, there were practical matters to consider. Was her cooking good? Could he provide food for the table? But sneaking out to influence the choice might have been the sparkle of an eye or the flutter of a heart. It wasn't talked about much, but feelings cannot be ignored.

"My love story," muses Hermina Ambrosen who married Daniel Thuesen, a shoemaker who played the accordion, "well, I don't know much about it, but I guess it's love. For if the Lord will always let me live in this place where I now live, and if I only had my husband back, to talk to and plan with, I would ask for nothing more."

And if that's not love, what is? ▼

Kellene Ricks Adams is an assistant editor at the Ensign Magazine.



OFTEN, AN ENTIRE EVENING EVERY WEEK WAS SET ASIDE FOR DANCING. THE AMERICAN FORK BRASS BAND SHOWN ABOVE HELPED MORE THAN ONE COUPLE REMEMBER "OUR FIRST DANCE TOGETHER."



THE



COUNTY FAIR

A Pioneer Love Story



Lola Ann snuggled deeper into the comforting warmth of the feather bed she shared with her sister, Nancy, and allowed her mind to wander down the now-familiar path. Every morning before she opened her eyes she would mark off one more day from the calendar of her mind

"Let's see," she thought dreamily, "today is October 17th, 1890. Only five days until I become Mrs. William D. Arrowsmith — for time and all eternity." She sighed excitedly.

"Lola Ann?" Nancy whispered. "Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what today is?"

"It's the 17th — just five days before my wedding."

"Well, yes," Nancy giggled. "But it's also county fair day!"

"Oh, no! I nearly forgot!" Lola Ann tossed off the quilt and bounded for the water pitcher on the wash stand in their room. The water was cold, but for once she didn't notice. She washed quickly and brushed her long, heavy dark hair, tying it into a thick knot on her neck.

"William will be here soon," she said. "The whole Arrowsmith family is going to the fair — including me!"

"You're going with his whole family?" Nancy asked.

"Well, nearly all of them," Lola Ann said. "Brother Arrowsmith is staying home to work on his new barn. He's been so busy helping Will

with our new house that he says his own place is going to pot. Of course, it isn't. He's so handy — just like Will."

"You mean William is handy like his father," Nancy corrected.

"However it goes. Will is hardworking and good at everything he tries. He's going to be a good husband and a wonderful father." Lola Ann trembled with excitement, making it difficult to button her high shoes. Like other young women, she had spent her life preparing for her ultimate calling in life as a wife and mother, practicing with dolls and her younger brothers and sisters. She had dreamed of her wedding, of wearing a long white dress, having her sisters and girlfriends as bridesmaids and, with the completion of the temple at Logan, going to the temple to be sealed for eternity to a good man. And now it was nearly here: the white dress and veil, the wedding cake, and friends all dressed up, the temple, and best of all, William.

William had decided to build their home himself, with his father's help. He'd even worked out a good deal for some laying hens and a milk cow. He was always making good deals. It was one of the things he did best.

"Lola Ann!" her mother called. "You'd better get some breakfast before William gets here!"

"Coming, Mother!" she said. Then to Nancy: "You'd better hurry, too. Father will be 'round soon with the wagon to take you all to the fair."

"Course he will," Nancy said with a laugh. "They can't have a county fair around here without the Chases and the Arrowsmiths. We make up half the county, I think. In fact, there will be almost as many people at your wedding as there will be at the county fair today!"

"Isn't it exciting!"

"Sure," Nancy continued. "I get a pretty new dress and a room to myself."

When William arrived — on time, as usual — he packed Lola Ann on the wagon bench between his slimness and his mother's broadness. Then he warned his 11 stair-step brothers and sisters in the back of the wagon to hold on tight, slapped the horses' rumps with the reins,

Photography by John Luke, artifacts courtesy of Lynn Dial

and they were off. The day was warm and sunny for October, and the ride to the fairgrounds was pleasant, spiced with laughter and the excited squeals of the little ones. They sang songs most of the way, Lola Ann enjoying the sound of her light soprano blending with Will's baritone.

When they reached the fairgrounds everyone scattered, the youngest children going straight to the booths that offered prizes for shooting straight, or swinging a weighted hammer and ringing a bell. The women and older girls headed for the cooking and sewing booths. Sister Arrowsmith brought a quilt she'd been working on all summer for display, and Lola Ann was sure it would win a ribbon. Lola Ann's mother had sent her ahead with some of her famous strawberry preserves to be taken in all haste to the canning booth. She'd worried all morning that her preserves would arrive too late for the judging.

"Next year," Lola Ann thought, "Mrs. William D. Arrowsmith will bring something to the fair to be judged."

The young couple wandered around looking at the displays. They joked with Brother Hansen, who had his pet hog, Tommy, entered in the livestock show for the third year in a row ("Someday Tommy's going to win, if only out of respect for his age," Brother Hansen said). At last they arrived at the horse auction, Lola Ann's favorite part of the fair. There were five horses up for auction that day — three mares, a gelding and one stallion. They all went for good prices; the stallion, a big roan, sold for nearly \$100! "And worth every cent," Will declared. He would have bid on the horse, Lola Ann knew, but just now every penny was needed to set up housekeeping.

"Ready to see how the preserve contest came out?" Will asked.

"Sure!"

"Ladies and gentlemen!" It was the little man in the plaid vest who had run the horse auction. "May I have your attention?" Will and Lola Ann stopped to listen. "The good merchants of your community have come up with a wonderful surprise for

a lucky young couple in our audience."

"What's going on?" William's younger brother John asked.

"Hush!" William said, never taking his eyes off the little man.

"Yes, sir, my friends," the auctioneer continued, "gifts are forthcoming — gifts of rejoicing. Gifts to delight and surprise you. And one of you young couples will have the good fortune to take them all home. Look here!" Behind him was a large, shiny new metal wash tub. Another man approached the wash tub carrying a new scrub board.

"Look at that!" William said, his eyes shining.

Next came a wheelbarrow filled with pots and pans and an open box bearing knives, forks and spoons — at least eight place settings! "And that isn't all, my friends!" the little man said, indicating an assortment of dishes, bowls, glasses, egg beaters, scrub brushes and such.

"Look at that!" William said. "Nearly everything you would need to start housekeeping!"

Lola Ann nodded in agreement. It was exciting. And, for some reason, a little frightening. She wasn't sure why.

"And there's more, my friends," the auctioneer said. "The best is yet to come!" And there it was: a brand new stove. Made of heavy iron, it was painted black and silver, with scroll work fancies and heat-adjustable opening flues. And right behind the stove was a walnut hutch. It was beautiful, with glass doors and carved leaves and grapes all over. Lola Ann had only seen one other like it, and it had been made out of pine. Just think — to start married life with a new stove and a kitchen hutch — not to mention all the rest. It was too good to be truly possible!

"Now then, ladies and gents, you can see how generous these merchants have been, and you probably are wondering why. It's simple: they want this year's county fair to be one you will remember for the rest of your life! And you will remember this, because something wonderful is about to happen. All of these gifts will be given, without any obligation, to any young couple willing to come forward right here, right now, and be lawfully joined together in marriage by Justice of the Peace Thompson."

People in the crowd whispered excitedly — except Lola Ann, who stood silently, afraid to even look at William.

"Lola Ann," William said with a determined voice, "let's do it!"

"You can't be serious!" she replied.

"I can and I am. Look at all of those

things. Think of the money saved!"

"William, must you always be so practical?"

"Well, one of us has to be."

"Are you going to get married?" John asked, pulling William on the sleeve.

"It isn't right, Will," Lola Ann said. "We are getting married in the temple. I'm going to get married right. Besides, what about our family?"

"They are almost all here," William said. He was still determined.

"William, this is not my idea of a wedding — in a stock tent at a county fair. I won't do it!"

"Yes you will," William said, taking firm hold of her hand and pulling her up as he hailed the little man in the plaid vest. "Sir! If you are serious, then we'll let you marry us!"

The man turned to face them. "I am serious, friend," he said. "Come and be married before this assembly, and take home all these goods." To Lola Ann, it sounded like the serpent's plea in Eden, but William was adamant.

"Oh, boy!" John said, jumping off the bench and racing for the tent opening. "You're really going to do it! Wait until everyone hears about this!"

The first family members John met were Brother and Sister Chase. He breathlessly told his story and ran on. Lola Ann's parents were stunned. "They can't!" Sister Chase wailed. "They're going to the Logan Temple in five days!"

"They most certainly are!" Brother Chase said, striding purposefully toward the stock tent. "They're going to the temple like they should, or he'll not be marrying my daughter!"

Sister Arrowsmith's reaction to John's news was similarly decisive. She got up so quickly from her seat in the quilting booth that she scattered quilting squares everywhere. "I'll stop this!" she said, starting toward the stock tent with little John running in her wake.

Back at the tent, Lola Ann was going through the motions of a dream-turned-nightmare. She was holding some wax flowers that someone had given her and was standing before a man dressed in a dirty black suit. William said some words and she repeated what they told her to say. In the end something was slipped on her finger (another gift from a generous merchant) and the man in the black suit was saying, "I now pronounce you man and wife."

It was at that precise moment that Lola Ann's parents arrived in the tent. "We're too late," Brother Chase said. Sister Chase didn't say anything. She was too busy crying.

Everyone else in the tent, however, was laughing and cheering, patting William on the back and kissing Lola Ann's cold cheek. Lola Ann said nothing, not even when her mother tearfully hugged her or when Sister Arrowsmith wished her luck — and declared that she'd need it. She stood silent and dry-eyed until Nancy asked, "Does this

mean that your wedding is off?" After that, it seemed her tears would never stop.

On the way home in the wagon, loaded down with all of the kitchen goods, Lola Ann was still crying. William tried to put an arm around her to comfort her.

"Don't you touch me!" she said, retreating as far from William as the wagon seat would allow.

"I'm sorry, Lola Ann. I don't know what came over me."

"Well, I'm sure I couldn't tell you, unless it was greed."

"Not greed," William protested. "I just saw all of those wonderful things that I wanted for you, things I knew I might never be able to give you." He paused. "Lola Ann, I'd give you the world if I could. But I can't. So when I saw all of these things, things a woman dreams of having, I wanted to give them to you. Wanted it so bad it hurt. And then I saw that I could give them to you, and I sort of lost track of myself. Can you forgive me?"

Lola Ann didn't answer. They rode silently until the horses pulled up to a stop in front of the Chase house. "Well, we're here," William said.

She looked at him suspiciously. "This is my parents' home," she said. "I thought you were taking me to our home."

"No," he said gently. "This is where you belong — for now."

Lola Ann was surprised — and confused. "I love you," he continued, "and to me, love means forever, not 'until death do us part.' We both know better than that. Love should be for eternity. And that's what I want for us."

"Then why did you let that . . . that man marry us?"

"I guess so we would have something to tell our grandchildren," he said, grinning. "It isn't everyone who gets married at a county fair on the spur of the moment, is it? Letting

that man say some words over us didn't mean anything to me. As far as I'm concerned, I'm getting married in five days in the Logan Temple. How about you?"

Lola Ann answered with a tearful hug. "I'll not settle for less!" she said. She kissed him tenderly, then turned to get down from the wagon. "Thank you for all the presents. Not many brides receive such gifts from her groom. And thank you for a most . . . unusual county fair day, and I'll see you in five days in the Logan Temple." She paused, then added happily: "Just five short days, Mr. Arrowsmith — then for all eternity."

"For all eternity," William repeated, flashing a grin, "Mrs. Arrowsmith." ▼

Although the author of this story is unknown, textual notes indicate that it is based on historical fact and that "the authoress is a great-granddaughter of William D. and Lola Ann Arrowsmith." Genealogical data indicates that William Dale Arrowsmith and Lola Ann Chase were sealed in the Logan Temple on Oct. 22 1890.

THE MAN TURNED TO FACE

THEM. "I AM SERIOUS,

FRIEND," HE SAID.

"COME AND BE MARRIED

BEFORE THIS ASSEMBLY,

AND TAKE HOME ALL THESE

GOODS." TO LOLA ANN,

IT SOUNDED LIKE THE SER-

PENT'S PLEA IN EDEN, BUT

WILLIAM WAS ADAMANT.

BY JULIE A. DOCKSTADER

Ang



Midwife class, courtesy of LDS Archives.

Mother and Child, by Mary Teasdale, courtesy of Utah Arts Institute

Angels OF MERCY

Pioneer Midwives in Utah

She calls no hour of the night or day her own
Through heat and cold she goes her way alone,
Here to bring some mortal into being,
There to ease some soul that must be fleeing.

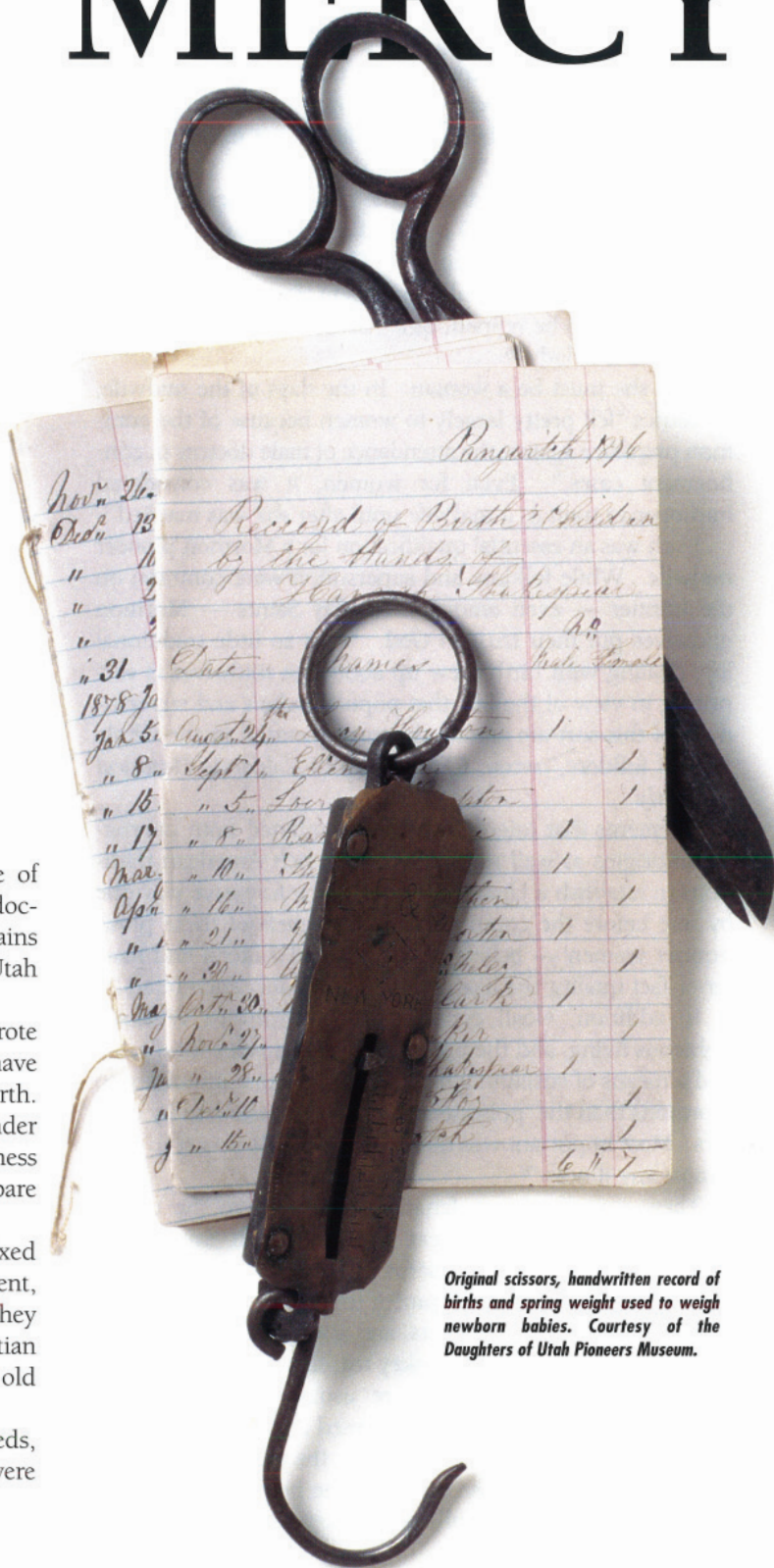
She listens earnestly to tales of grief,
Forgets herself that she may give relief
To bodies suffering or tortured minds,
In service to all men her pleasure finds.
May God forever bless her with His grace,
For now she's gone — oh, who will take her place?

"Who will take her place?" asked Dr. D. C. Budge of Logan, Utah, in his tribute to midwives.¹ Replaced by doctors and medical technology, her place nevertheless remains secure in the annals of history — and, in particular, Utah history.

"As a profession, midwifery is as old as the world," wrote Mar McGregor. "Always and ever until the last century have women presided as high priestesses in the chamber of birth. Their skill, their resourcefulness, their tact, their tender touch, all these things together with their natural cleanliness of mind and body, fit them to assist the mother, and prepare for the child's entrance into the world."²

In western tradition, midwives have elicited mixed responses. They "have inspired fear, reverence, amusement, and disdain," according to Laurel Thatcher Ulrich. "They have been condemned for witchcraft, eulogized for Christian benevolence, and caricatured for bawdy humor and old wives' tales."³

But to Utah pioneer women giving birth in wagon beds, along the trail, in tents, and in log cabins, midwives were "angels of mercy."⁴



Original scissors, handwritten record of births and spring weight used to weigh newborn babies. Courtesy of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum.

The definition of a midwife is somewhat simple: "Midwife is the name given to the woman or wife who is in attendance upon or assists women in childbirth." However, the qualifications and qualities of Utah pioneer midwives are much more complex, especially when compared to their secular counterparts.

One early Utah midwife Hannah Sorensen surmised during lectures on the subject in Sevier County, Utah, in 1889: "The course taken in practicing obstetrics in all the civilized world is in many ways very wrong and contrary to the true principles of nature. Midwifery, as I understand it, embraces the natural laws of procreation and explains the mission of woman. It embraces her life and duties, we may say, from the cradle to the grave."⁵

Hannah goes on to discuss the characteristics of a midwife: "She should be well qualified in regard to her mental, moral and physical condition. The nature of her labors require a healthy, skill[ful], intelligent & truthful woman. She should also be refined, quiet, sensitive. In short — she must be a true lady."⁶

And she must be a woman. In the days of the midwife, obstetrics "fell pretty largely to women because of the common prejudice against the attendance of male doctors in confinement cases." Even for women, it was considered improper to train as a midwife until after she was married.⁷

Faith was an essential qualification for a Mormon pioneer midwife. While folklore and superstition were common on the frontier — even among Latter-day Saints — Mormon midwives put their trust in God. "That so little traditional lore dealing with birth grew up about the midwives is surprising in view of the fact that popular beliefs and superstitions of this sort are among the most plentiful in the whole field of folklore," wrote Claire Noall in *California Historical Quarterly*.

"Elements that might have been combined from international origins as well as from our own rich American traditions to establish a Utah folklore of midwifery gave way one by one before the common religious beliefs of these pious frontier women — beliefs which attained a literal and matter-of-fact quality, the like of which one rarely encounters."

In addition, Noall continued, "the Word of Wisdom, righteous living, and the use of herbs as remedies for disease and a means of sustaining health were far more important to Mormons than the 'poisonous medicines' prescribed by doctors. Most important was their belief in God's power to cure almost any illness."⁸

There was an almost fanatical adherence to the use of herbs among Utah pioneers. Both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young advocated herbs as medicine.⁹ Along with their herbs, a midwife's equipment usually consisted of a pan of water, a few rough blankets, and a wagon box. The only anesthetic was perhaps a whiskey tea; sanitation was usually nonexistent.¹⁰ Conditions were usually less than ideal. Having a log cabin would have seemed a blessing.

Whether in a wagon or in a cabin, the midwife made the best of conditions. Upon arrival at the home, she saw that all the children of the family were taken away to neighbors

or relatives. "The father, however, was expected to remain, ready to help if needed," wrote historian Juanita Brooks. "Always there was a big fire in the stove with the tea-kettle on and a large saucepan full of boiling water. Squares of white cloth were placed in an oven on a heavy earthenware plate to be sterilized by light scorching. A heaping tablespoon of flour was browned in a skillet. A large raisin or two were set to soak in boiling hot water. The mother would usually have prepared the delivery bed by spreading an oil-cloth over the strawtick or mattress, on top of which old, disposable sheets were folded.

"The delivery was not to be hurried even if labor lasted for days. The midwife encouraged and reassured the mother; if complications arose, the midwife called in the Elders and they prayed at the bedside for the muscles to relax."

After the birth, the midwife oiled the baby's body and "sprinkled parched flour over the navel, then opened a raisin that had been in a bowl of hot water and carefully placed the inner, meaty side on top of the flour, binding it all together with a tight belly-band."¹¹

The work of the midwife continued after the birth — sometimes for days. "The fees of midwives were small, usually ranging from one dollar to three," Brooks said. "Sometimes there was no fee, and often pay was accepted in kind. The women slaved for what they got; many of them did the housework for large families for several days after the birth of the baby in addition to taking care of the infant and the mother."¹²

Because of the smattering of medical lore midwives would pick up, these women were often sought out to assist in sickness generally, and even to care for the dead, including making burial clothes and washing and laying out women who died.¹³

In the early years of the settlement of Utah, midwives had little or no experience, or had received training in their native lands. "Many of the early converts to the church were women from European countries — England, Wales, Scotland, and Scandinavia," wrote Dean Turner. "When these women arrived here, many were without means of livelihood. Therefore, because most of them had some experience, they tried to make a living at mid-wifery. Many of these women were full of kindness, charity, and sympathy, and as being such were in great demand."¹⁴

Many of these Mormon pioneer midwives were set apart for their duties by those holding the LDS priesthood, some by Joseph Smith himself, indicating how early in LDS Church history midwives played a part. One such woman was Ann Green Dutson Carling, who was set apart as a midwife by Joseph Smith while in Nauvoo in the last year before he was martyred.¹⁵

After the exodus west, as settlements in Utah grew and became more spread out, Church leaders authorized organized midwifery. In July 1873, Brigham Young suggested to Bathesheba W. Smith, counselor in the Relief Society and wife of Apostle George A. Smith, "that three women from each of the wards of Salt Lake City should be chosen to form a class for study in Physiology and obstetrics and that one

woman from each settlement be sent to the city to study the same branches and that the Bishops see that such women be supported." Classes were commenced almost immediately and Dr. Seymour B. Young is mentioned as one of the instructors. Lady physicians visiting the city en route to California and other places were eagerly sought after and delivered lectures to appreciative audiences.

Just before the turn of the century, Utah began issuing licenses for midwifery. The first license issued was Feb. 11, 1893, and the last license issued to a midwife was July 15, 1932. According to the State Registration Office, 208 women were licensed to be midwives in Utah.¹⁶

For decades, midwives figured prominently in Utah history, and many midwives became prominent themselves. Typical of the hundreds of women who devoted their lives to helping usher new spirits into the world and easing suffering are the following:



Photo courtesy of LDS Archives

Patty Bartlett Sessions

"Mother Sessions," as she was known, delivered 3,977 babies, one of the largest number of births attended by a midwife in Utah Territory. Born in Bethel, Maine, Feb. 4, 1795, Patty Bartlett Sessions married David Sessions at the age of 17; at this time she commenced midwifery. In 1834 she was baptized into the LDS Church; her husband followed a year later. It is said that she was "skilled in the medicinal use of herbs, and she

PATTY WAS "SKILLED IN THE MEDICINAL USE OF HERBS, AND SHE SERVED, IN THAT SENSE, AS ONE OF THE FEW 'DOCTORS' ACCOMPANYING THE SAINTS WESTWARD."

served, in that sense, as one of the few 'doctors' accompanying the Saints westward."

Patty, herself, was the mother of three children, David, Sylvia and Perrigrine. The whole family settled in Utah in 1847. Patty and her husband's first home was on the present site of the Union Pacific Railroad Station in Salt Lake City. Patty's husband passed away in 1850, and she later married John Parry. She continued practicing midwifery until 1872, when she moved to Bountiful, the settlement Perrigrine had founded north of Salt Lake City.¹⁷

Mary Ann Weston Maughan

Excerpts from Mary Ann's journal reveal a compassionate,

obedient, resilient woman. Along with her husband, Peter Maughan, and their children, she arrived in Salt Lake City in 1850 and helped settle Tooele, 35 miles west of the city. Her journal tells her story (original punctuation and spelling included):

"I soon received a letter from Dr. Willard Richards appointing me Midwife for Tooele saying I should have the faith and prayers of the Council of Health and should be Blessed and prospered in that calling by the god of Isreal, and the first time I went to Salt Lake to call at his office and be ordained to that caling and be a Member of the Council of Health. This caused me much sorrow for I had a large family to take care of and felt that I needed rest.

"but I could not back out unless I was released. so was called to attend some sisters. before I went to the City. when I went to see Dr. Richards and stated my case to him hoping he would release me and send someone else out there. but he said I was just where he wanted me. so I was Blessed and Ordained to that office by Bros. Richards, Benson and Maughan. The Dr. being speaker pronounced many great Blessings on my head. One in particular was that no harm should [come] to my family in my absence and this has been a comfort to me many times. for no harm has hapened to me or mine. I have rode on horse back alone some miles on a lonely road many times through snow and storm."

In 1856, Mary Ann accompanied her husband to Cache Valley, about 75 miles north of Salt Lake City, where he led the settling of that valley. Soon after their arrival, Mary Ann gave birth to a girl, the first Mormon child born in Cache Valley.¹⁸

Today, most babies are born in hospitals under the care of doctors, but the midwife is not forgotten. As Dr. D.C. Budge wrote in that eloquent tribute to midwives: "May God forever bless her with His grace."¹⁹ ▼

Julie A. Dockstader is a writer for the LDS Church News.

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BY SCOTT R. CHRISTENSEN

Chief LITTLE

SOLDIER

*Shoshone Chieftain,
Mormon Elder*

ROBERT MCQUARRIE, BISHOP OF THE OGDEN 2ND WARD, PRESIDED OVER THE SOLEMN FUNERAL SERVICE. LIKE MANY OTHERS HE HAD CONDUCTED, THIS SERVICE INCLUDED PRAYERS AND REMARKS BY RESPECTED COMMUNITY LEADERS AND THE PERFORMANCE OF TRADITIONAL HYMNS BY THE WARD CHOIR. BUT THE SERVICE WAS UNLIKE ANY THAT BISHOP MCQUARRIE HAD EVER CONDUCTED BECAUSE IT WAS SHOSHONE CHIEF LITTLE SOLDIER HE EULOGIZED, AND THE SETTING WAS NOT A TIDY MORMON MEETINGHOUSE BUT A SHOSHONE LODGE ON A BENCH OVERLOOKING OGDEN, UTAH.¹

Two vastly different worlds combined to mourn the loss of Little Soldier. It was a scene that would have been unthinkable to most Americans, who viewed the “Indian” as savage and degraded. But in 19th-century Utah, Mormons befriended and offered Church membership to Native Americans, and invited “Lamanite” converts to participate in every aspect of the faith. Not surprisingly, many Native Americans came to embrace Mormonism as they attempted to respond to the difficult circumstances of their changing world. Chief Little Soldier was one such individual.

Little Soldier was born at Red Butte Canyon east of what is now Salt Lake City in about 1821. His parents, To Nights and Tsome-Pom-Pitch, probably followed Shoshone tradition in naming him for an attribute they saw in him or for an early life experience. However, that name is lost to



history because Little Soldier himself considered it a “bad” name and consistently refused to share it. By the late 1840s, pioneers only referred to him by the name Little Soldier.²

In 1849, while still in his twenties, Little Soldier distinguished himself through a victorious battle with Wovitch, or Stick-In-Head, a southern Ute chief who initiated the bloody fight. From that day on, Little Soldier was acknowledged as a chief among his people. In 1850, Ogden settler Urban Stewart shot and killed Chief Terrikee, whom he had accused of stealing corn. With Terrikee’s death, Little Soldier became the pre-eminent leader of the Weber Utes, as his Gosiute Shoshone band was known. He retained that position until his death 44 years later.³

Mormon interaction with Little Soldier began soon after the pioneers established their first settlement in 1847. From the beginning, Little Soldier set a tone of friendship and peace. In 1856, for example, Little Soldier and 11 braves jubilantly joined in Ogden’s 24th of July parade carrying a banner proclaiming “The Thousands of Manassah,” a title alluding to the Mormon belief that Native Americans are Israelites through the loins of biblical Joseph’s eldest son. More significant were accounts that credited Little Soldier as a peacekeeper and as a healer who helped several early Ogden settlers by sharing his knowledge of natural medicines.⁴

Not all interaction was favorable, however. Charges were raised that Little Soldier’s followers occasionally killed calves, stole garden produce and burned fence poles. Major David Moore of the Utah Militia responded on Nov. 30, 1854, by capturing and disarming Little Soldier and his band and assigning the Indian families to live individually with Mormon hosts. Little Soldier protested vehemently, arguing that “it is a day of gathering, and not of scattering.” Eventually, he submitted to the punishment. These were dark days for Little Soldier, who said that the settlers might as well take his children away, too, for life was not worth living anymore. He remained despondent until his band was allowed to regroup a short time later.⁵

After the Mormons purchased Miles Goodyear’s fort in the late 1840s, they assumed that they then owned much of the land in the Ogden area. Little Soldier was willing to share, but wanted it understood that his people were the proper owners — a fact the Weber County Court acknowledged in 1857 when it turned down John Bair’s petition for water and lumber rights on the Cottonwood Forks of the Weber River because “Little Soldier claimed the same and did not want it disturbed.”⁶ As the years passed, Little Soldier’s claims became harder to protect, and the expanding pioneer population began to threaten critical food supplies. Rapid development turned former Indian campsites into farms and cities.

Attempting to respond to these changes, many Native Americans began to look beyond themselves for answers to

their concerns. Some reported having dreams and visions that instructed them to join the Mormons for religious and practical instruction. Little Soldier and his people joined a small Mormon-sponsored farm near Franklin, Idaho, in 1874. It was there that Little Soldier, his wife and several members of his band joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on June 6. Little Soldier had earlier been refused Mormon baptism by missionary George Washington Hill, who felt that the chief was addicted to hard drink. With his second application, Little Soldier assured Hill that he had given up whiskey and said that he was “determined thenceforward never to touch the poisonous drug any more” — a promise that, at the chief’s funeral, Hill reported had been faithfully kept.

After his baptism, Little Soldier was given the priesthood and set apart as an elder. Hill recognized Little Soldier’s position of prominence and immediately “set him to preaching to the other Indians.”⁷ On June 15, 1875, Little Soldier and his wife, Wango-bit-y, traveled to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, where they received the endowment and had their marriage sealed for time and for all eternity.⁸

That same year they joined other Native Americans at a farm the Mormons had established for their benefit near Corinne, a non-LDS community that was known as a hotbed of anti-Mormon senti-

ment. Before long, the Indian settlement was caught in the friction and distrust between the Mormons and the “Gentiles” at Corinne. As Little Soldier and the others began harvesting their hard-won crops in mid-August, they were driven away by federal troops sent at the insistence of the settlers at Corinne. The Indians were confused at being evicted from lands that they had never sold and believed to be their birthright. More than that, the destroyed and unharvested crops represented the group’s only source of food for the coming winter because they had exchanged their usual hunting and gathering activities for the

**CHIEF LITTLE SOLDIER POSES
FOR A FORMAL STUDIO POR-
TRAIT WITH ONE OF HIS FOUR
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LEADER DIED.**



farming experience.⁹

Chief Little Soldier made a poignant statement of his grievances: "[We] were making a good farm above Bear River City; and all [we] wanted was to be good Mormon and live in peace. But Corinne white man send talk all over the country, got soldiers come and drive Indian away; reason: Corinne man no like Mormon, heap like sell soldier whiskey make money. Indian no money. Corinne man no like shake hands. Now may be heap soldiers come kill Indian man, woman and pappoose. Indian no sleep now, no potato, no wheat, no beef; no like Fort Hall Reservation; not good."¹⁰

After the Corinne Scare, as the confrontation came to be known, Little Soldier took his band to Skull Valley in Tooele County. By 1876, the chief returned to Box Elder County, where he and his band rejoined other Indians and the

Mormon missionaries for another try at farming, this time safely distanced

by some 20 miles from troublesome Corinne. To

ensure that the Indians would never again be driven from their lands, the Mormons, under George Washington Hill, began officially homesteading them on lands between the Bear and Malad rivers. Little

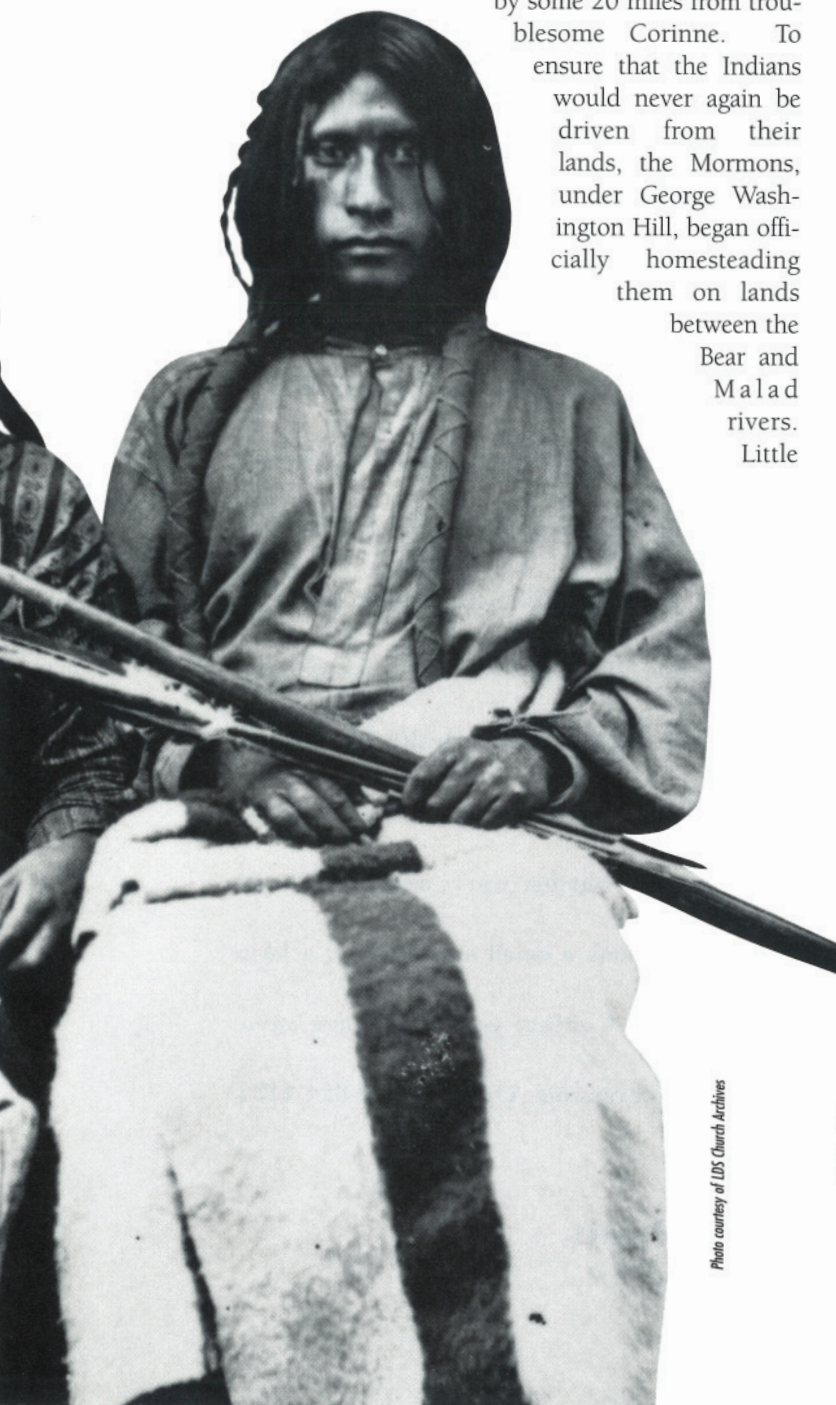


Photo courtesy of LDS Church Archives

Soldier filed on an 80-acre tract just west of the Bear River, north and slightly west of Deweyville. During the next few years he worked diligently with other Indians and the Mormon missionaries in building homestead cabins, fencing and farming the land and digging an irrigation canal.¹¹

Toward the end of his life Chief Little Soldier returned to live near Ogden. One day early in the spring of 1884 a quarrel between two braves at his camp resulted in gunfire, and several shots passed through the old chief's lodge. Little Soldier was not harmed, but he considered the incident a fatal omen foretelling death to his house. In the three weeks that followed, he became debilitated and was confined to his lodge. Death came on April 22, 1884.¹²

Longtime friend George Washington Hill spoke at Little Soldier's funeral. He made a few remarks in English, then delivered a discourse to Little Soldier's family in their own tongue. He spoke to Wango-bit-y, the only surviving widow of the chief's four wives, to those who survived of his 12 children, and to his three grandchildren. A correspondent to the *Deseret Evening News* penned a summary of Little Soldier's life that time and perspective has proven accurate: "He was a peaceful, honest, inoffensive man, a friend to the 'Mormon' people, and was always a welcome guest at the houses of many people in this county. Peace to his ashes."¹³ ▼

Scott R. Christensen is an archivist for the LDS Church Historical Department.

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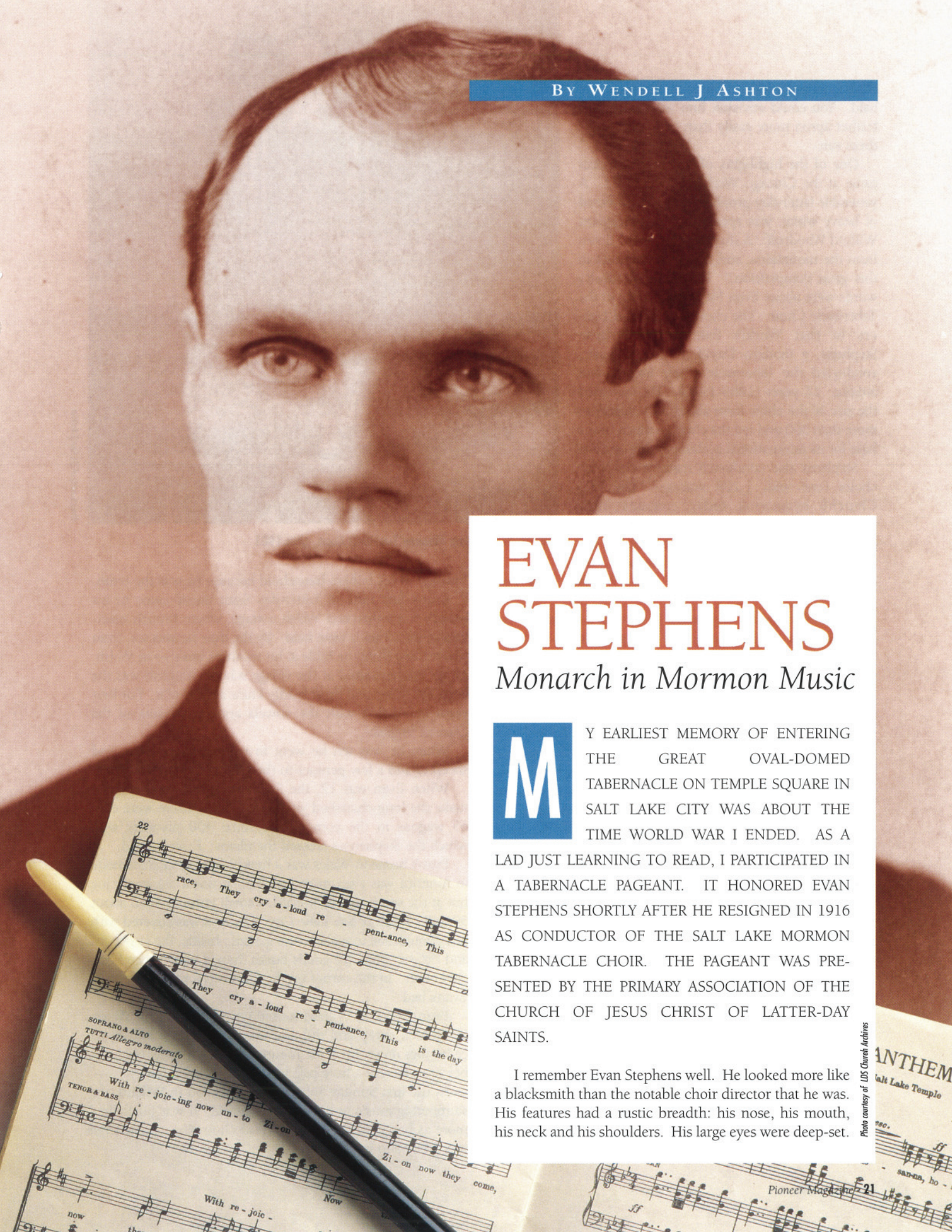
EVAN STEPHENS

Monarch in Mormon Music

MY EARLIEST MEMORY OF ENTERING THE GREAT OVAL-DOMED TABERNACLE ON TEMPLE SQUARE IN SALT LAKE CITY WAS ABOUT THE TIME WORLD WAR I ENDED. AS A LAD JUST LEARNING TO READ, I PARTICIPATED IN A TABERNACLE PAGEANT. IT HONORED EVAN STEPHENS SHORTLY AFTER HE RESIGNED IN 1916 AS CONDUCTOR OF THE SALT LAKE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR. THE PAGEANT WAS PRESENTED BY THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATION OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

I remember Evan Stephens well. He looked more like a blacksmith than the notable choir director that he was. His features had a rustic breadth: his nose, his mouth, his neck and his shoulders. His large eyes were deep-set.

Photo courtesy of LDS Church Archives



His head, except for short tufts on the sides, was bald. You could envision him with a smithy's leather apron more easily than in a conductor's dress suit.

One of the highlights of his musical career came at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. A venerable latter-day prophet, his hair and beard of heavy white, was speaking. Said President Wilford Woodruff: "A shepherd boy came down from the mountains, and is here to conduct in this great competition." President Woodruff's words were about Evan Stephens, leader of the Tabernacle Choir. The choir won second honors in that World's Fair choral contest. Stephens, a modern David in Israel's music, conducted the Tabernacle Choir longer than anyone: 27 years (1889-1916). He increased the size of the choir from about 125 singers to more than 300 and led the choir to much of the base for its international acclaim in this century.

Stephens also conducted massive children's choirs (one with 1,200 voices). The LDS Church's hymnbook today contains more hymns that he authored or composed than any other person's: 19. Included on that list are such beloved favorites as "True to the Faith," "In Remembrance of Thy Suffering" and "We Ever Pray For Thee."

In many respects, Stephens's life paralleled that of the great German oratorio composer Georg Frederick Handel. As a lad of six, Handel slipped into the attic and played on a rickety spinet while the rest of the household slept. As a young man, Evan had his cabinet organ over the wheat bins in a tithing barn. There he practiced for hours into the night. Handel was born in Germany but became a naturalized Englishman, while Stephens was born in Wales and America became the land of his adoption. Both were bachelors. Both died in their 70s. It has been said of Handel that he put the Bible to music. Stephens put Mormonism to music.

Pencanter, in Caermarthenshire, Wales, in 1854 was a picturesque country village. Sheep fed on the steep, grassy hillsides and watered in its clear, dancing brook. Farmers sang as they toiled in the hedge-bordered fields. There were interesting things for them to talk about as they met along restful, green lanes after the cows had been milked. Sometimes Pencanter's village gossip dipped into religion. Welshmen talked about the Mormon orator, Dan Jones. He was spellbinding their countrymen across the little land.

There wasn't a great deal of excitement in Pencanter one June day — the 28th — in 1854, when one of Dan Jones's Mormons, David Stephens, announced that his wife June had brought another spirit into the world. David Stephens was an obscure farm laborer. This was his tenth child.

But this little gift from heaven, a puny sort of child, became the modern shepherd boy whom the Lord brought down from the hills to lift Mormonism's soul with music. He was Evan Stephens, who later described himself as the



EVAN STEPHENS AND THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR, CIRCA 1901

Photo courtesy of LDS Church Archives

"tithing" of his father's household because he was the tenth.

Evan's first taste of Latter-day Saint music came in his father's straw-thatched Welsh cottage, where branch meetings of the Church were held. By the time he was six, Evan was reading from the Bible at his mother's knee — in Welsh. At age six he started at the village school. English was the language there, and Evan hardly knew a word of it. For four years he tussled with the vowels and consonants of the Queen's English.

When he was ten he went to work herding cattle and sheep to add a few pennies to the family's shallow coffers.

When Evan was 12, the Stephens family was ready to make the long-cherished journey to Zion. There were only 65 wagons in the company of some 400 pioneers with which the Stephenses crossed the plains. Evan walked.

Evan's home in Wales was a humble one. His first abode in America was even more humble. It was a one-room log hut at the south end of Willard, a small farming town about 50 miles north of Salt Lake City. The roof was covered with just enough soil to make a roof garden. Inside, the cupboard and dresser were dry goods boxes draped with cheap flow-ered cloth. In the corner on the floor was a roll of blankets: Evan's bed.

Evan's work in Willard started where it left off in Wales. He herded sheep and did odd farm jobs. Then he tugged cedar logs down from the mountains. As he grew older, he began to receive a little pay, usually in grain or cattle.

At the first Sunday School Evan attended in Willard, the slumbering music in his soul was stirred. It was quickened more as he heard the Willard Ward choir sing. Soon Evan was a boy alto in the choir.

When Evan was 13, he quietly borrowed some choir books and began to teach himself how to read music. He was too bashful to ask anyone to take time to help him.

When he reached 16, something happened to Evan's music. In the first place, his voice changed. He no longer sang alto, but baritone. Then, too, about this time his brother Tom bought a four-octave organ. It immediately became Evan's pal. The organ helped Evan discover his mistakes as he tried his hand at composing. Nothing was too big for him. He tried grand choruses like Handel's and grand fugues without regular chords in them.

Evan destroyed a lot of notes, both musical and paper.

Sixteen was indeed sweet for Evan. Returning from his road work in Little Cottonwood Canyon near Salt Lake City, he found Willard's singers temporarily without a leader and with an invitation to perform with the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle Choir at October general conference. Evan was asked to train the group. There were just two months remaining. Twenty-four hymns and anthems had to be learned.

For 50 bushels of wheat, Evan purchased a small cabinet organ. He placed it in the loft of the tithing barn. He could play the hymns all right, but not the more difficult anthems. Since Evan was the only organist in town, he trained the choir without accompaniment, beginning with the grand "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah."

Willard's choir crowded into wagons and merrily rolled to conference with their 16-year-old conductor.

Thereafter, Evan's aesthetic star began to rise. He conducted concerts, directed plays, led choruses and played the organ for Sunday School. The tithing barn, which housed Evan's organ, became "the mansion on West Street." Willard's younger set gathered in the dirty loft. There they rehearsed for choruses, musical dramas and operas, along with Mendelssohn's part-sings, and Welsh glees. The main entrance to the loft was through a hay window. Girls were boosted up the rickety ladder over the wheat bins. A gallon of molasses was admission to singing school.

When Evan was about 20, new horizons burst upon him. He was offered a job with the railroad. This would give him more time for music. The job would require only ten hours each day! For five years, Evan Stephens, as a section hand, cleared snow and gravel from the Utah Northern Railroad tracks between Salt Lake City and Logan.

Meanwhile, Evan gathered enough savings to purchase a two-room house with a mud roof. It became a second home for Willard's young folks. As many as 50 youngsters crowded into it to rehearse operas. Often children studied for an hour and one-half, and then plunged into an hour of fun.

Before he was 26, Evan was toiling full-time with his music in Logan. He was giving eight to ten hours of organ lessons per day. He also taught singing classes, both for children and adults. His choruses swelled.

Then he studied pipe organ playing under a master, Joseph J. Daynes, organist at the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

At 31, Stephens was a student at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. While there, he

composed music for the Ruggles Street Quartet. They sang in one of Boston's largest churches. Returning to Salt Lake City, he launched the Stephens Opera Company, with performances before large Salt Lake Theatre audiences. Then he led the Salt Lake Choral Society for several years, with exciting concerts and festivals in the Tabernacle.

It was only natural that the General Authorities of the LDS Church called upon Evan Stephens to lead the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle Choir on the threshold of the 1890s. Within six months after he took the baton, he more than doubled Choir membership to 300.

The Tabernacle Choir under Evan Stephens was extolled by Ignace Paderewski, the renowned pianist, and John Phillip Sousa, the famed bandmaster. In 1911, the Choir was engaged to perform in New York's Madison Square Garden. During a 10-day choir concert series in New York, a distinct hit was made with Evan Stephens' own adaptation of "Dixie." It began:

*I wish I was in the Rocky Mountains
Where all the streams are crystal fountains
Look away, look away, look away,
Utah land . . .*

Stephens liked to write music and lyrics for special occasions. When Utah achieved statehood in 1896, he led 1,000 school children in singing his then-new song, "Utah, We Love Thee" in a Tabernacle celebration.

Some consider "True to the Faith" to be Stephens' greatest song. He wrote it while he sat on a rock sprayed by a splashing canyon stream. He had conducted the choir at general conference. A sermon by President Joseph F. Smith on "The Third and Fourth Generations" had stirred him. As he wandered into City Creek Canyon, meditating over the message, the words and music came to him. He dedicated the hymn to "my 20,000 pupils in Zion."

Evan Stephens died Oct. 27, 1930, when America was struggling during the Great Depression. His life and works continue to stir millions of people around the world. And one wonders if he was there at that far-distant time in the past described by the Lord to the ancient prophet Job: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . . When the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy?" (Job 38:4,7.) ▼

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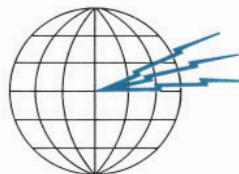
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BY R. SCOTT LLOYD

“INJURED INNOCENCE”

Martyrdom Recalled at SUP Symposium

SESQUICENTENNIAL REFLECTIONS ON THE MARTYRDOM OF JOSEPH AND HYRUM SMITH WERE OFFERED AT THE SECOND ANNUAL MORMON HISTORY SYMPOSIUM, SPONSORED NOV. 12, BY THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF UTAH PIONEERS.

The event, which took place at the national headquarters in Salt Lake City, was open to the public. Scores of people attended despite a heavy, unseasonable snowstorm.

Presenters included the great-great-grandson of the martyred Hyrum, Elder Eldred G. Smith, who served for 32 years as Patriarch to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Also speaking were Larry Porter, Leon Hartshorn and Keith Perkins, professors of religion at Brigham Young University with specialties in LDS Church history and doctrine.

Beginning with the Prophet's 1844 candidacy for U.S. president, Dr. Porter detailed the events leading up to the martyrdom at Carthage Jail in Illinois on June 27 of that year.

Having investigated the views of the seven candidates for president regarding the injustices suffered by the Latter-day Saints, Joseph determined that none were satisfactory, Dr. Porter recounted.

“Wilford Woodruff said that Joseph Smith concluded in November of 1843 to run for the presidency of the United States, this because of ‘injured innocence’ and, he said, ‘If I can gain any power legally, lawfully, then I’ll do it,’” Dr. Porter said.

The formation by Church leaders of a political party was answered with the founding of the so-called Anti-Mormon Party in Illinois with the avowed purpose of driving the Saints from the state, Dr. Porter said.

Joseph had predicted danger by "someone from within," and that person turned out to be William Law, his second counselor in the First Presidency, Dr. Porter noted.

Law and others plotted a blood conspiracy against Joseph Smith, which was revealed by two conspirators who had a change of heart, Dr. Porter said. Law and his cohorts were excommunicated from the church.

"And that excommunication brought them into the press business," he noted, explaining that they floated a libelous newspaper, the Nauvoo Expositor, attacking Church leaders on the pretext of the doctrine of polygamy.

After one issue, the publication was declared a public nuisance by the Nauvoo City Council and destroyed.

"It appears as though the sanctity of the press is being violated, but when you realize that these men had formed a blood conspiracy against the Prophet Joseph Smith and were not adverse to taking his life and that of Hyrum and others of their primary leaders, then it takes on a different bent," Dr. Porter commented.

Even so, the law sided with the conspirators. The Prophet and his brother were ultimately imprisoned in Carthage Jail, where they were martyred by a mob.

"The Prophet of the living God and his brother Hyrum sealed their testimony with their blood, and they are the authors under Christ of our salvation and the gospel as we know it in this dispensation," he declared.

Dr. Hartshorn's presentation centered on John Taylor, third President of the Church, who was with the two brothers in Carthage Jail at the time of the martyrdom.

"John Taylor was the kind of a person you would love to have as a friend," he said.

Known principally for the scene at Carthage, John Taylor's character is revealed in previous and subsequent events of his life, Dr. Hartshorn said. "I like to see what a person did before and after he walked on center stage."

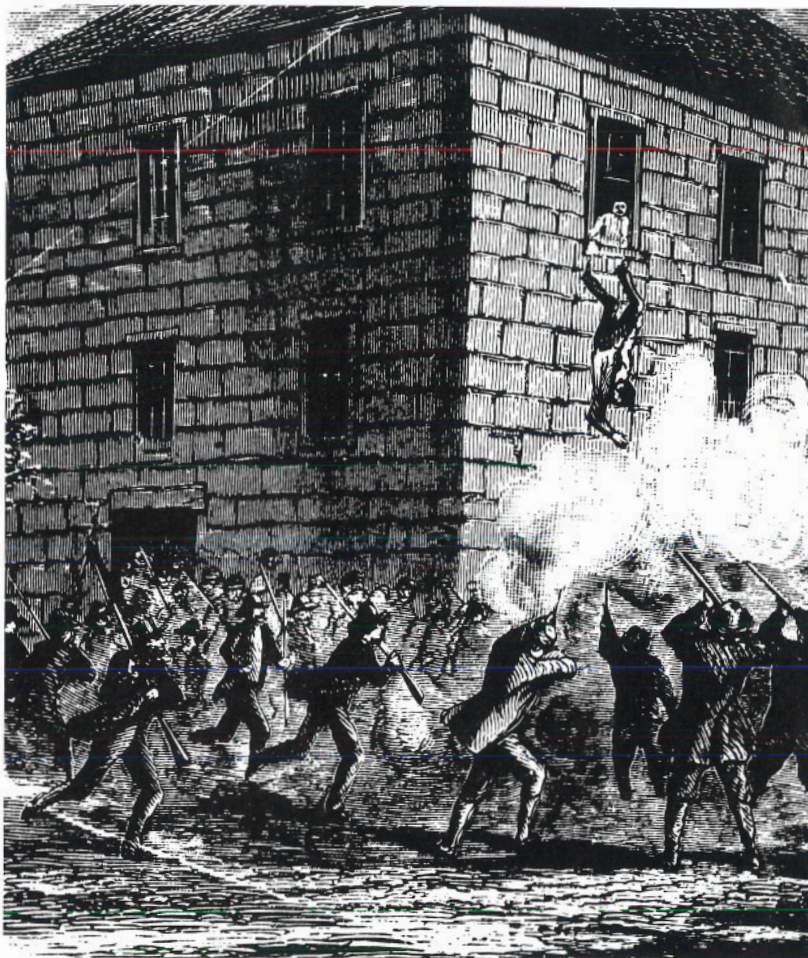
He recounted John Taylor's conversion at a meeting in Toronto, Ontario, conducted by Parley P. Pratt. On that occasion, John Taylor spoke to the congregation, stating his intention to investigate the new doctrines and accept them if they were true but expose them if they were false.

John Taylor had opportunity to go to Kirtland, Ohio, and reclaim his friend, Parley P. Pratt, who had concluded Joseph Smith was a fallen prophet, Dr. Hartshorn said.

"TO UNDERSTAND THE MARTYRDOM OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH AND HIS BROTHER HYRUM WE NEED TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THE LORD JESUS CHRIST SAID TO THE TWELVE: 'GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS, THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS' (JOHN 15:13). IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS PRINCIPLE YOU WILL NOT UNDERSTAND THE MARTYRDOM."

"Turnabout is fair play," Dr. Hartshorn continued. "If Parley can leave a sick wife to go to Canada and bring John Taylor into the Church, John Taylor can go to Kirtland and bring Parley back into the Church."

As a result, Dr. Hartshorn said, Elder Pratt returned to the fold with the same zeal for the restored gospel he had had previously.



"John Taylor was a marvelous orator, a brilliant writer and editor," he said. "His hallmark was dignity."

Elder Smith brought graphic presence to his talk by displaying artifacts pertaining to the restoration of the gospel through Joseph Smith. These included a wooden tool chest said to have contained the gold plates from which Joseph Smith translated the Book of Mormon and clothing worn by Hyrum at the time of the martyrdom.

The chest, brought across the plains by Mary Fielding and handed down among Elder Smith's progenitors, belonged originally to Joseph's older brother Alvin, Elder Smith said. Instructed by the angel Moroni to provide himself with a lock and key for the plates, the young prophet borrowed the chest from Hyrum.

According to Joseph's description of the plates, they were about seven by eight inches in width and length, and therefore would have occupied about one-fourth of the tool chest, Elder Smith said. That would have left room for the Urim and Thummim and for the Nephite breastplate, in which the

Urim and Thummin was carried.

The clothing he displayed had bullet holes in the front, back, and sides. There are no blood stains around the bullet holes, which indicates Hyrum must have died from the ball that entered his face, causing the heart to stop beating before he received the other wounds, Elder Smith explained. That contradicts John Taylor's account of Hyrum being struck by

a ball shot through the window that struck Hyrum the same time he was hit in the face by a ball that came through the door.

Part of the vest is missing, indicating it must have been so badly stained with blood from the wound in the face that it was cut away.

A portrait of the martyred brothers painted by Ted Gorka, which hangs in the Church Administration building, was based on the clothing displayed by Elder Smith. He said the artist copied the clothing for the portrait of Hyrum and painted clothing for Joseph in a style to match it. A statue at Carthage by sculptor D. J. Bawden is based on the Gorka painting.

Speaking during the symposium dinner, Dr. Perkins said: "To understand the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum we need to understand what the Lord Jesus Christ said to the Twelve: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends' (John 15:13). If you don't understand this principle you will not understand the martyrdom."

Dr. Perkins reviewed the events of the Prophet's being warned to flee west. Joseph, Hyrum, Willard Richards and Porter Rockwell started west, arriving in Montrose, Iowa. However, Joseph returned to Nauvoo when some accused him of cowardice.

"I believe it was in Montrose when the Prophet knew he must seal his testimony," Dr. Perkins commented. "From that moment on nothing could deter him from going to Carthage, though he had been warned numerous times that if he went there he would be killed. Even when he arrived in Carthage and saw conditions there and the threats on his life, he would not be turned back to Nauvoo. He had come to seal his testimony with his blood and nothing could deter him from that."

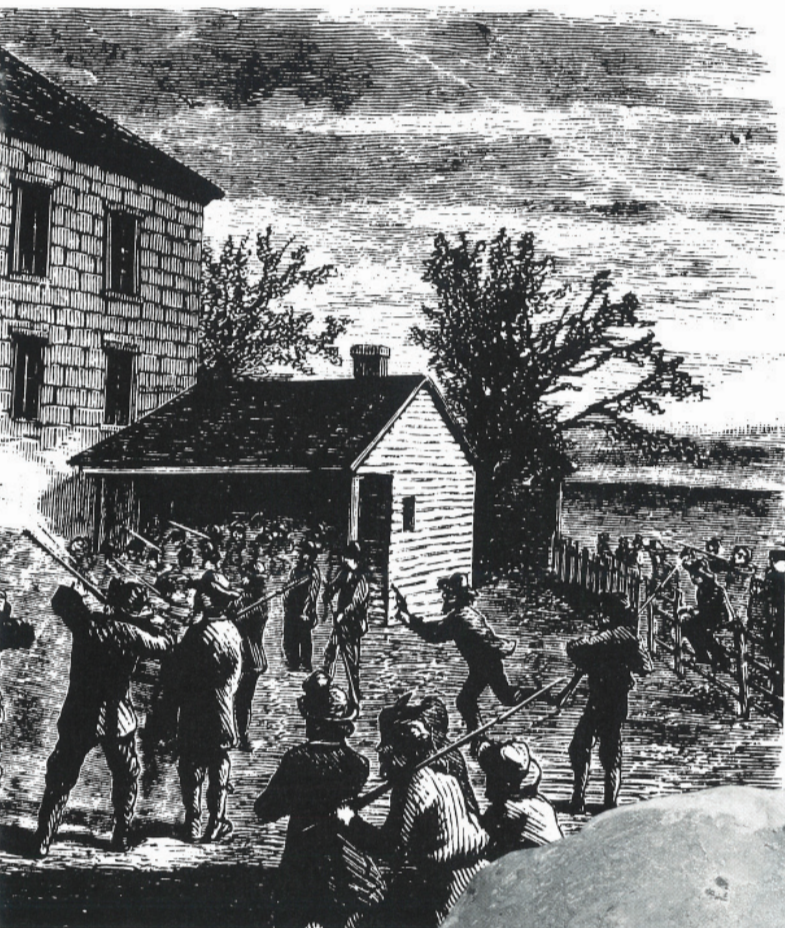
Dr. Perkins said he believes the Prophet's dying words, "O Lord, my God!" were addressed to his Father in Heaven. He said it is one of the sacred moments in the history of the world, comparing it to Christ addressing His Father as He died, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke 23:46).

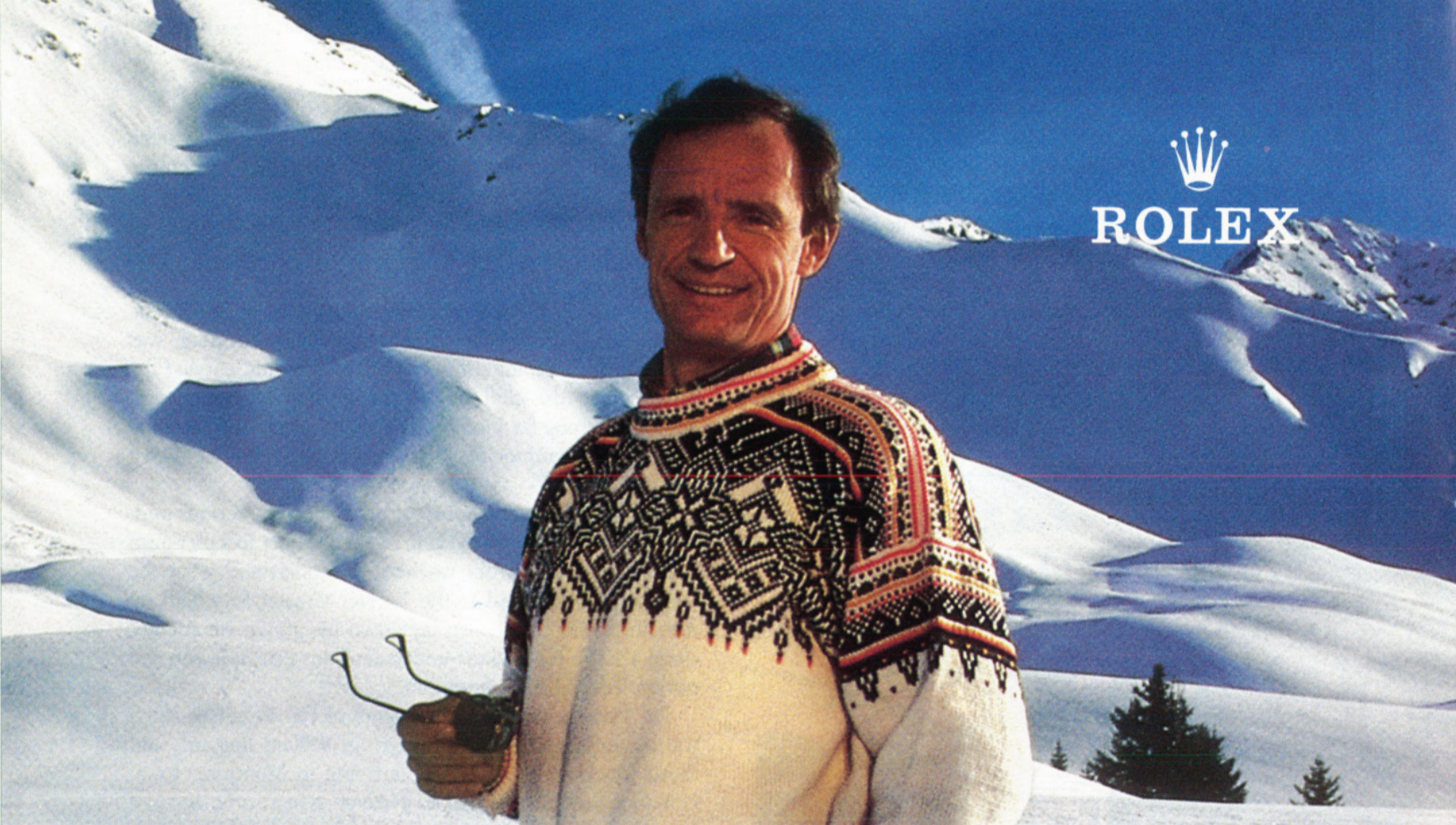
"I believe he was not, as some have suggested, giving the Masonic distress signal," Dr. Perkins said. "Rather, I believe he was commending his spirit to his Heavenly Father."

... We know that Willard Richards used the same words in Carthage Jail when he realized that the Prophet was dead" (see *History of the Church* 7:105).

Dr. Perkins said he believes that event had been prophesied long ago in Psalm 7:1-8, which he called a "Joseph psalm." ▼

R. Scott Lloyd is a reporter for the LDS Church News.





"In life, as in skiing, timing is everything."

Jean-Claude Killy

In 1968, Jean-Claude Killy brought home three Olympic gold medals. In 1992, Killy, a successful businessman, as well as one of France's best-known sports figures, spearheaded the effort to bring the Winter Olympiad home to his beloved Savoie.

Today, Killy faces business with the same confidence he had on the ski slopes. "Being an entrepreneur isn't easy," he notes, "but I could never see myself doing anything else. I love the excitement, the idea that there's a different challenge waiting every day."

Says Killy, "I don't think I'll ever want to slow down." Which is why both on and off the slopes he wears a timepiece he can rely on. Rolex.



Oyster Perpetual



Day-Date



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Date*



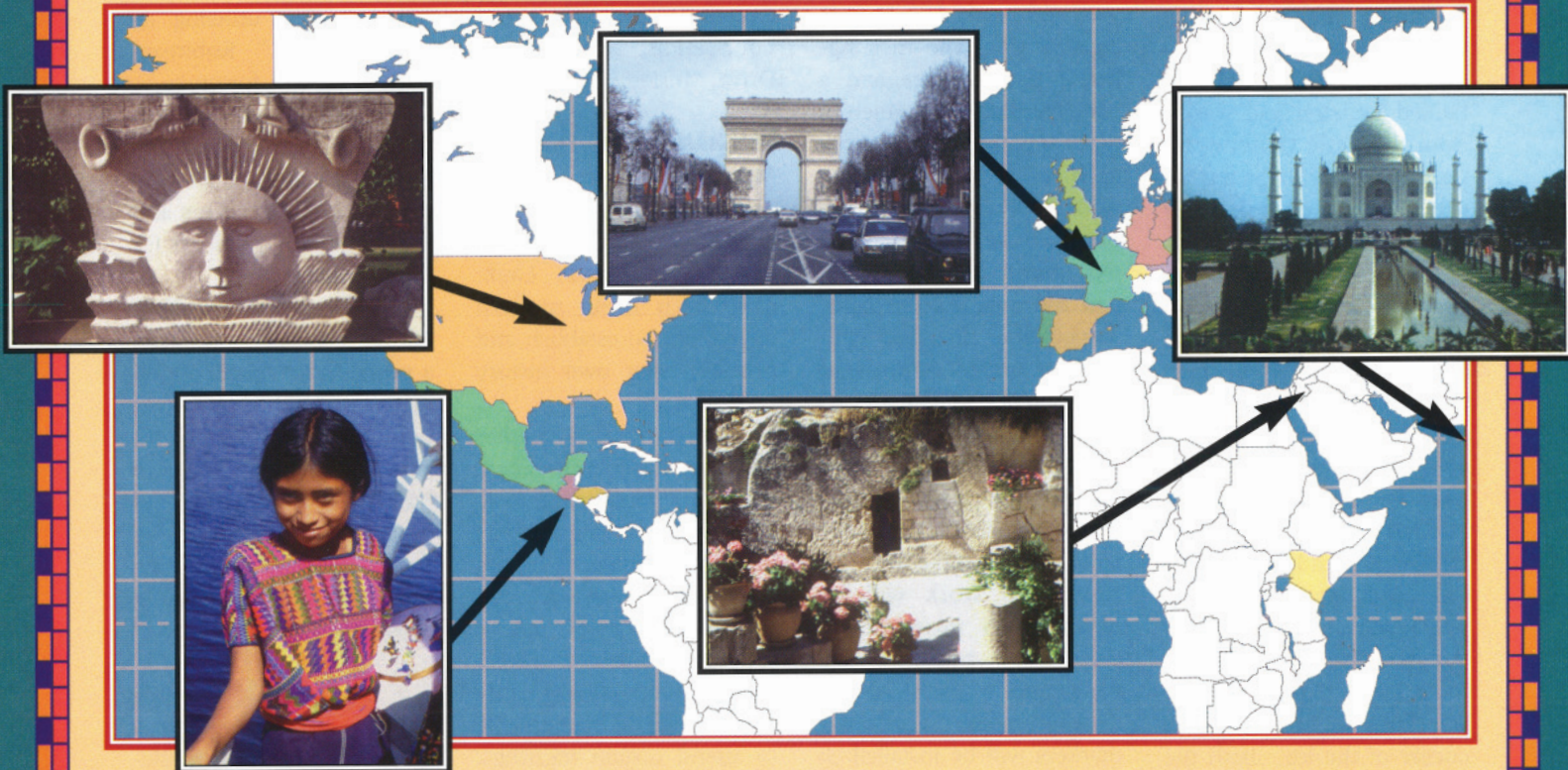
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- ☐ Midnight Sun Express—Alaska Passage (August)

EUROPE

- ☐ Great Cities Series—Rome, Florence, and Venice (May)
- ☐ Island Kingdoms (Britain w/Russia option) (June)
- ☐ Scandinavian Adventure (June)
- ☐ Trail of the Russian Church (June)
- ☐ Eastern European Odyssey (July)
- ☐ European Highlights (Economy) (July)
- ☐ Western Mediterranean Cruise (August)
- ☐ North Africa and Spain (Summer)
- ☐ Upper Danube River Cruise (September)

SOUTH PACIFIC, ORIENT, AND AFRICA

- ☐ Tiger Tops and the Taj Mahal (January)
- ☐ Insights into Africa (June)
- ☐ South Pacific (October)
- ☐ Vicennial in Vietnam (November)

CENTRAL AMERICA AND SOUTH AMERICA

- ☐ Ancient Empires and the Book of Mormon (February, July, November)

- ☐ Belize, Honduras, and Guatemala (February)
- ☐ Chilean Fjords Cruise (February)

HOLY LAND AND THE MIDDLE EAST

- ☐ March Holy Land Study Tour
- ☐ Spring Holy Land Study Tour (April–May)
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- ☐ Scriptural Pathways in the Holy Land (May)
- ☐ Greece and Turkey Tour (mid-May–June)
- ☐ June Bible Lands Tour
- ☐ June Holy Land Study Tour
- ☐ Summer Holy Land Experience (June)
- ☐ Biblical Heritage Tour/Cruise (June–July)
- ☐ Summer Holy Land Seminar (June–July)
- ☐ Holy Land Scripture Discovery (July)
- ☐ Late Summer Holy Land Tour (August)
- ☐ September Holy Land Tour
- ☐ Fall Holy Land Study Tour (November)
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MURRAY CHAPTER: *The Gathering Place* By Neldon B. Jensen

During the building of the Salt Lake Temple, when granite stones were being hauled by team and wagon from the Little Cottonwood Canyon quarry to the temple site — a distance of about 20 miles — a stopover location for the drivers was established at South Cottonwood (5600 South and Vine Street). In 1856 a small chapel was built on the site, but the area continued to be used as an overnight stop until the completion of the railroad and a narrow gauge railway was laid to the main line and into Salt Lake, which was then used to haul the granite blocks.

In 1870 a rock granary was built on the southeast corner of the lot. Both the Sons of Utah Pioneers and the Daughters of Utah Pioneers have installed historic markers on this pioneer granary.

The chapel was renovated, updated and remodeled several times and was one of the oldest chapels in use in the Salt Lake Valley until it was torn down last spring to make room for a modern chapel. But the Murray SUP Chapter has asked that the old granary be preserved and the surrounding area improved. And that request has been granted, along with a plan for a small but pleasant pioneer park behind the granary on property that was part of the original stopover

site. It will be called "The Gathering Place."

The plan includes a wrought iron fence on the west and north sides to separate it from the meeting-house parking area and a concrete pad upon which to place a replica of the wagons used to haul the granite stones. There will be two blocks of granite from the old quarry on the wagon, and the area will be landscaped and provided with an appropriate number of picnic tables for families to use.

Some restorative work on the granary will be necessary. It needs a new door and shingles on the roof. All restoration work will be designed to maintain, as closely as possible, the appearance of the 1870s.

Appropriate plaques and markers will be installed to give information about the area and activities during the years that the men and teams were using it as a stopping place. The park is intended to give respite to contemporary individuals and families and to honor those who were here before us. There will be much to enjoy and learn for those who visit "The Gathering Place."

The project will require a substantial fund-raising effort. The Murray Chapter is soliciting funds from the community as well as from SUP and DUP members throughout the world. The South Cottonwood Historical Foundation has

been established to accept donated funds. Tax-deductible contributions can be mailed to The South Cottonwood Historical Foundation, 5514 Avalon Drive, Murray, Utah 84107.

BRIGHAM YOUNG CHAPTER: *Meetings on Tape*

For the past year members of the Brigham Young Chapter in Provo, Utah, have been using modern technology to establish and preserve their own history on videotape.

Since early 1994 chapter meetings have been taped, with two copies being made of each tape. The original tape is maintained in the chapter's archives, while the copies are checked out to chapter members who wish to use them — primarily those who have been unable to attend certain meetings. Extra copies have also been made at cost for those who have desired to have a personal copy of meetings in which they have special interest because of the speaker's remarks or the musical presentation.

"Strong members whose health has made them less active have particularly appreciated this service," said Max C. Robinson, chapter historian.

Donald O. Shifton is chairman of the videotaping project, with other chapter members helping out as needed. For example, chapter president Jay Smith arranged for one of his graduate students, Troy Lewis, to

handle the videotaping chores.

"Our chapter dinner meetings are held at the BYU campus, utilizing its fine facilities," Robinson said. "We feel fortunate to be located in a major university community, allowing a wide selection of talented and enjoyable speakers and special musical numbers for each meeting."

"We believe excellent chapter meetings have been a prime factor in our strong membership growth," Robinson said. "Our present effort with this project is to broaden the awareness and usage of the videos, thereby increasing and extending the benefits of our meeting programs."

'SUP?

Earl W. Bascom, a lifetime SUP member and a cowboy from Victorville, Calif., was recently honored for his art work during the Texas Longhorn Quincennial Celebration. His bronze sculpture, "The American Longhorn 1494-1994," was declared the most authentic example of a classic Texas longhorn steer. A life-size version of this Bascom bronze has been commissioned by the International Texas Longhorn Association, to be placed in state capitols throughout the west.

NEW MEMBERS

M. Donald Abraham
Dan C. Baker

M. Kimball Belnapp
 Ron B. Brough
 Franklin L. Child
 Dean Corbridge
 Donald A. Davis
 Larry S. Decker
 Glen DeLeeuw
 Frederik Dissel
 Keith A. Dixon
 Arthur B. Edwards
 S. Mahlon Edwards
 Martin B. Empey
 Douglas K. Farnsworth
 Rick Fish
 Dale A. Foote
 William Gallacher
 Richard W. Goodfellow
 David G. Hacking
 Kelly B. Hall
 Dale C. Hembrough
 Evan LaVan Hendricks
 J. Taylor Hollist
 Robert W. Hooton
 T. J. Kindred
 Robert J. Kraning
 Jack Lasswell
 William E. Latimer
 Mark S. Layton
 William Lehnher
 William O. Linford
 E. Keith Loosli
 Farrell D. Lowe
 Howard D. Lowe
 John C. Malone
 Jesse D. McCullough
 Eldon L. Miller
 Ivan R. Miller
 Ronald Bill Mitchell
 Mark D. Morgan
 Orrell M. Moss
 Karl Douglas Nielson
 Howard Peterson
 Bill J. Pope
 John Harlan Reeves
 George G. Richards
 Bruce E. Rigby
 Raymond M. Rogers
 David W. Salmon
 Gary M. Samuelson
 Stephen A. Smith



CENTERVILLE CHAPTER: *We've written about the pioneer monument dedicated by the Centerville SUP Chapter last year, but we've never printed a photograph of the beautiful structure - until now. Sculpted by Dee Jay Bawden, the monument is placed in Centerville's Founder's Park atop a five-foot base made of cement and faced with stone. In loving detail, the monument depicts a pioneer family, and is, according to Vestil Harrison of the Centerville Historical Society, dedicated to "the early pioneers of Centerville, whose suffering, diligence and faith in the cause that brought them here has made this the choice land we have inherited. We honor these noble pioneers! May the dedication of this monument to their faith, sacrifice and deeds inspire us to emulate them and revere their memory with profound gratitude."*

Harold S. Snow, Jr.
 Maynard Sorensen
 Donald Dewey Stout
 Lenzi M. Sullivan
 Craig William Thompson
 Dean L. Thompson
 Lewis E. Tullis
 Franklin B. Wadsworth
 Rick Warner
 Jeffrey D. West
 Dwayne Williams

CHAPTER ETERNAL

Serge N. Benson, 88, of Logan, Utah.
 Dr. C. E. Conklin, 84, of Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Stanley A. Houghton, 69, of Orem, Utah.
 Andrew Warren Larson,

84, of Orem, Utah.
 Morris Moroni Miller, 77, of Layton, Utah.
 Alvin G. Pack, 87, of Salt Lake City, Utah.
 John Austin Shaw, 79, of Ogden, Utah.
 Glenn Thomas, 82, of Ogden, Utah.
 Alvin D. Wilcock, 82, of Provo, Utah.

CORRECTION

In the last issue of *Pioneer*, several winners of SUP national awards were omitted from our coverage of the 1994 National Encampment in St. George. Curiously, the missing

awards were all from the Cotton Mission Chapter, the encampment's host chapter. After the wonderful time these good people provided for us at the encampment, that is shabby treatment indeed, and we sincerely apologize.

For the record, the missing honorees included **Walter and Merlene Wiest**, Outstanding Couple; **R. Clarence Foy**, President's Award; and **The Cotton Mission Chapter**, Outstanding Chapter. The *Pioneer* staff truly regrets the error.

Porter Rockwell and the Suckling Buck

Lewis Barney records the following from the 1847 pioneer trek: "I . . . was numbred with the hunters for the camp of pioneers . . . Joseph Hancock, one of the principal hunters, chose me for his partner. After this him and I hunted together the balance of the time, furnishing the camp with more meat than any other two in the camp, the rest of the hunters having poor luck.

"One day at noon one of the officers said to Porter Rockwell, 'Port, what is the matter, you don't kill anything; here is Barney, he brings in something every day.'

"Port said, 'oh he kills does and all. I could kill more than twenty does a day if I would, but I don't want to kill suckling does.'

"The answer was,

'better does than nothing.'

"Well,' said Port, 'I don't want to kill anything but nice fat bucks.'

"I thought that would do to tell.

"The next day at evening Port came in with an Antelope skinned and dressed up in nice order, saying, 'see here what a nice buck I have got.'

"Some one spoke up and said, 'Barney has brought in a buck and a doe.' Says Port, 'I could have killed half a dozen does if I wanted to.' I came to see Porter's nice fat buck. I looked. I thought that it was rather

poor for a buck, so I took up the skin and examined it and found it was an old suckling doe skin. I called out, 'see here boys what nice tits Port's buck has; it must have a good mess of milk.'

"The boys saw that it was a doe skin. Then they hooted Port for his nice buck. Port scotched around for awhile in a terrible rage . . ." (from *Voices From the Past: Diaries, Journals and Autobiographies, Brigham Young University Press, 1980, p. 36*).

As with most pioneer doctors, Priddy Meeks was self-taught and self-schooled in the medical arts. But he was devoted to his profession and his patients — even when his patients were his enemies.

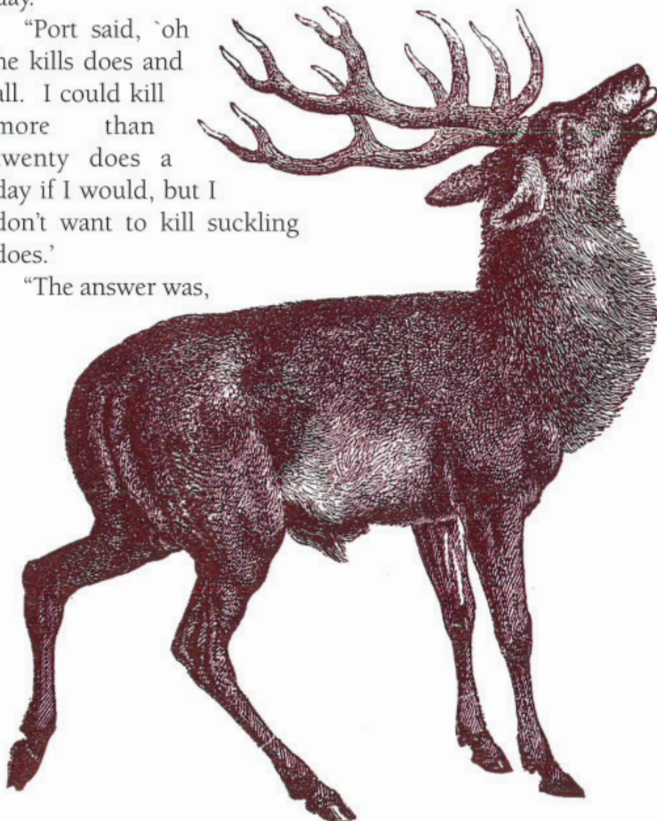
In his journal he records: "James McKann, teamster in General Johnson's Army that come to kill off the Mormons, he was brought to my house for me to amputate both feet which was froze as high as 2 or 3 inches above the ancles [sic]. I did not know what to do. It came into my mind as by inspiration to give him cayenne pepper inwardly, and nothing else. In 16 days he was well and walked 9 miles, and said he could of walked further. He only lost 5 toe-nails from both feet" (submitted by

Darel P. Bartschi, East Mill Creek Chapter).

While traveling in southern Utah, "Apostle Wilford Woodruff was in the act of lifting a large stone from its place when a large scorpion drove its poisonous sting into his middle finger," wrote Solomon F. Kimball in his first-person account of "President Brigham Young's Excursion Party." "Soon a painful sensation extended the whole length of his arm. A crowd quickly gathered, prescribing all kinds of remedies, but none had the medication they recommended. Some advised the drinking of liquor to kill the poison, and others, the use of tobacco. A search was made throughout the entire party, but not a drop of liquor could be found.

"They were successful, however, in finding a man who used tobacco. A chew of this remarkable herb was bound on Brother Woodruff's fingers, and in a short time the poison was killed" (submitted by Barbara Kimball Fraser). ▼

(Do you have an amusing pioneer anecdote or an interesting pioneer tale that you'd like to share? Please send your stories to *Deseret Views*, c/o The National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, 3301 E. 2920 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109.)





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